

**The Simpsons**

**"Bart the Genius"**

**Written by  
John Vitti**

**Table Draft  
5/15/89**

THE SIMPSONS

"Bart the Genius"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER  
MARTIN.....  
MILHOUSE.....  
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....  
CONDUCTOR.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
SECRETARY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
DR. PRYOR.....HARRY SHEARER  
SMALL BOY.....  
MS. MELON.....  
SIDNEY.....  
CECILE.....  
CALVIN.....  
ALEC.....  
IAN.....  
ETHAN.....  
MR. PRINCE.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
LEWIS.....  
RICHARD.....

Table Draft

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BART THE GENIUS

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSONS' LIVING ROOM - EVENING

1

The Simpsons are gathered around a wobbly card table, playing a board game.

BART

Come on, Mom.

LISA

Yeah, Mom, hurry up.

MARGE

All right... How about "he"?

She places the tiles forming the word "he" on the board. A shot of the board shows that all the words are on this level --"he", "hat", "egg", "go", "can". "The" is used twice.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Two points. Your turn, dear.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Hmmm. Lousy letters.

We see that Homer's tiles are arranged O-X-I-D-I-Z-E.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, wait! Here's a good one -- "do".

He places his tiles on the board. Lisa takes her turn immediately.

LISA

"Id." Triple word score.

HOMER

Hey! No abbreviations!

LISA

Not I.D., Dad. Id. It's a word.

BART

As in "This game is stup-id."

HOMER

Hey, shut up, boy.

LISA

Yeah, Bart. You're supposed to be developing verbal abilities for your big aptitude test tomorrow.

MARGE

We could look this "id" thing up in the dictionary.

HOMER

We got one?

MARGE

Of course, dear. It's under the short  
leg of the couch.

Homer takes the dictionary out from under the couch,  
stopping at the fruit bowl to get himself a banana on the  
way back. He starts to hand the dictionary to Marge, but  
Lisa grabs it away, opens it, and reads from it.

LISA

"Id. Along with the ego and the  
superego, one of three components of  
the psyche."

HOMER

(DUBIOUS) Get outta here.

BART

My turn. "Kwyji." Eighteen points.

He places the tiles on the board.

LISA

Kwyji?

HOMER

There's no such word, you little  
cheater.

BART

Sure there is. It's... it's a kind of  
big, dumb...

**BART'S P.O.V. - HOMER EATING THE BANANA**

BART (CONT'D)

...balding, North American ape... with  
no chin... and a lousy job.

MARGE

Lousy job?

HOMER

I'll show you a big dumb North American  
ape!

Homer starts after Bart, knocking the card table over in  
the process.

BART

Uh-oh, game's over.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - MORNING - NEXT DAY

2

It is shortly before the time to go inside for class. Children are seen getting off buses, playing kickball, shooting marbles, and jumping rope. In a corner of the playground is Bart, surrounded by a group of BOYS, including MILHOUSE, who is white, RICHARD, who is Asian, and LEWIS, who is black. Bart is spray-painting a picture of Principal Skinner on a school wall. Above the picture it says: "Principle Skinner". A word balloon from the drawing's mouth says: "I am a weiner". Everyone is laughing. Bart's hands are covered with red paint.

ELSEWHERE ON THE PLAYGROUND

PRINCIPAL SKINNER is strolling around, looking for troublemakers in his spare time. He points to a BOY.

SKINNER

You, there! No chewing gum on school  
grounds. In the trash can with it!

MARTIN PRINCE, every teacher's pet, comes running up to Skinner.

MARTIN

Principal Skinner, I think you should  
know that one of my fellow children is  
vandalizing school property.

SKINNER

Where?

They dash off together. Back in the corner, Bart is signing his work with a set of red handprints.

MILHOUSE

Look out Bart, here comes Skinner!

BART

Yikes.

He tosses the can away. Skinner arrives on the scene. Bart hides his hands behind his back.

SKINNER

Whoever did this is in very deep trouble.

MARTIN

And a sloppy speller, too. W-I-E-N-E-R is the preferred spelling, although E-I is an acceptable ethnic variant.

SKINNER

Boys, let's see your hands.

One by one the other boys do so, until only Bart is left.

SKINNER

Simpson?

Bart shows his red palms unhappily.

MARTIN

You might say you caught him red-handed! (GIGGLES)

The school bell RINGS.

SKINNER

Simpson, you and I are going to have a little talk.

BART

Same time, same place?

SKINNER

Yes, in my office after school.

KIDS

Oooh!

BART

(GULPS)

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

3

The students file into the classroom from the playground. Bart sits at his desk, which is next to the teacher's and near a window. Martin walks past Bart on the way to his seat.

MARTIN

Hey, Bart. I hope you won't bear some sort of simple-minded grudge against me for reporting your miscreant behavior to the principal. I was merely trying to fend off the desecration of the school building.

BART

Eat my shorts.

Martin walks away and Mrs. Krabappel addresses the class as she hands test booklets to the students at the front of each row, who pass them back.



MRS. KRABAPPEL

Now I don't want you to worry, class.  
These tests will have no effect on your  
grades. They merely determine your  
future social status and financial  
success, (TO BART) if any.

Martin raises his hand.

MARTIN

Mrs. Krabappel, isn't Bart supposed to  
face the window during tests as a  
precautionary measure?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

You're right, Martin. Bart?

Bart turns his desk with an annoyed GRUNT.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

Remember to visualize the complex  
problems. And relax. The test starts  
... NOW!!

The test books **SNAP** open and the room falls silent. As we  
see the students working, the only sounds are the  
occasional **CREAKING** of chairs, **SCRIBBLING PENCILS**, and  
**FLIPPING** of a pages. Bart looks very frustrated, pushing  
open palms vicelike against the sides of his head. He  
takes a look and sees that Martin is whizzing through the  
material, a carefree grin on his face. Bart sags.

BART

(QUIETLY, TO HIMSELF) At seven-thirty  
a.m. an express train leaves Santa Fe  
bound for Phoenix, five hundred and  
twenty miles away.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

4

(WHISPERING, TAPS HER HEAD) Shhhhh!

Visualize it, Bart!

BART (V.O.)

At the same time a local train carrying  
forty passengers leaves Phoenix bound  
for Santa Fe.

The scene **DISSOLVES** to Bart's visualization of the problem.  
A train pulls out of a station marked "Phoenix" with a  
clock reading 7:30. There is only one track shown.

BART (V.O. CONT'D)

It is eight cars long and always  
carries the same number of passengers  
in each car.

Inside the train, Bart sees himself standing near the  
doors. He looks down the length of the car. Superimposed  
is the equation  $40 \div 8 =$ , then over the heads of each of  
the passengers in the car appear the numbers 1 2 3 4 5.  
Bart is pleased so far. The train is shown rolling through  
the countryside as the narration continues. He is wearing  
a watch and looks at it; it reads 8:30.

BART (V.O. CONT'D)

An hour later, a number of passengers  
equal to half the number of minutes  
past the hour get off, but three times  
as many plus six get on.

Bart is knocked about in the doorway by the exiting and  
entering passengers. A briefcase bops him in the stomach.  
They step over him. The train is shown pulling into  
another station. The clock reads 9:10.

BART (V.O. CONT'D)

At the second stop half the passengers  
plus two get off, but twice as many get  
on as got on at the first stop.

The car is now a mass of humanity. People are moving  
around, getting into seats, getting out of seats to let  
others in. Numbers appear over their heads, but are  
confused as the people cross paths. Random numbers and  
signs start popping up: 8, 327, 211, 18 1/2, 32.54, etc.  
Suddenly a CONDUCTOR is next to Bart.

CONDUCTOR

Ticket, please.

BART

(FRIGHTENED) I don't have a ticket.

CONDUCTOR

Come with me, boy.

The conductor drags Bart out the door and into the cab of  
the locomotive by his collar. Nonsensical and incorrect  
equations swim over Bart's head. The ENGINEER has his back  
turned.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

We got a nonpayment of fare here, sir.

BART

I'll pay! I'll pay! How much?

The Engineer turns around. It is Martin.

MARTIN

Twice the fare from Tucson to Flagstaff  
minus two thirds of the fare from  
Albuquerque to El Paso. (LAUGHS  
DEMONICALLY)

Bart looks out the side window and sees a sign: "Santa Fe XX Miles". Principal Skinner is just finishing blacking out the number with red spray paint. He **LAUGHS DEMONICALLY** at Bart.

Bart looks back inside the cab and sees he is alone. A **TRAIN WHISTLE** sounds. Looking out the front window, Bart sees the train from Santa Fe bearing down rapidly. Bart's eyes bug out. The **WHISTLES** become louder.

BART

Yaaaaahhh!

The **TRAINS SMASH** into each other with an enormous **CRASH**, and the scene suddenly cuts back to the classroom. Bart has fallen straight back in his chair and is lying in it, arms straight out from his sides.

5

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart, there are students in this class with a chance to do well. Will you stop bothering them?

MARTIN

He's not bothering me, Mrs. Krabappel. I'm finished. May I go outside and read under a tree?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Certainly, Martin.

As Bart gets back up, Martin puts his paper on the corner of Mrs. Krabappel's desk, within arm's length of Bart, and leaves.

**BART'S P.O.V.**

Bart looks out the window and sees Martin thumbing his nose and sticking his tongue out at him. An ugly-face duel ensues.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

What are you looking at, Bart? Are those pesky dogs being naughty again?

Mrs. Krabappel goes to the window. She looks around for pesky dogs.

**MRS. KRABAPPEL'S P.O.V.**

Martin has returned to reading under the tree.

**BACK TO SCENE**

With lightning speed, Bart snatches Martin's paper off Mrs. Krabappel's desk, erases Martin's name from the top, writes in his own, and puts the paper back. Mrs. Krabappel sits down.

**MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)**

You have twenty minutes, class.

Bart erases his own name from his test paper and writes in Martin's. He grins and, **HUMMING A HAPPY TUNE**, begins to fill in his answer sheet quickly and haphazardly.

**EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - LATER**

6

Homer and Marge are walking across the playground.

**MARGE**

He's a good boy now, and he's getting better, and sometimes even the best sheep stray from the flock and need to be hugged extra hard.

**HOMER**

That's exactly the kind of crapola that's lousing him up. (NOTICES THE PICTURE OF THE PRINCIPAL) Hey, look at this! "I am a weiner." (CHUCKLES) He sure is!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PRINCIPAL SKINNER'S OFFICE**

7

Principal Skinner is at his desk. Bart sits opposite him, feet dangling nervously.

SECRETARY

(OVER INTERCOM) Mr. and Mrs. Simpson  
are here.

SKINNER

Send them in.

Bart GULPS and cringes.

BART'S P.O.V. - PARENTS

They enter.

MARGE

Hello again, Principal Skinner.

HOMER

What have you done this time, boy?

BACK TO SCENE

SKINNER

I caught your son defacing school  
property this morning.

HOMER

How much is it going to cost me this  
time?

SKINNER

Seventy-five dollars to sandblast the  
wall.

BART

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Shwew. Seventy-  
five smackers.

Homer grimaces, glares at Bart, takes out a check and  
starts writing. The principal walks over to the file  
cabinet.

SKINNER

By itself something like this might not  
call for an extreme penalty...

Skinner opens the file cabinet. Behind many thin files with names on them is a thick one marked "SIMPSON, BART". Skinner takes it out. Behind that one is another thick one marked "SIMPSON, BART (CONTINUED)". Skinner takes that out, puts both on his desk, and begins going through them.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

...but this is not an isolated  
incident. Bart's behavior is unruly.  
He's frequently absent from school,  
then gives teachers pathetic excuse  
notes...

He takes a letter out of the file reading "Please excuse Bart. He was sick. Homer Simpson". It is written in an infantile scrawl.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

...that are obviously childish  
forgeries when compared to ...

He looks at the check for seventy-five dollars Homer has just given him. It is filled out in the same infantile scrawl.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

At any rate, it is my reluctant  
decision --

SFX: INTERCOM BUZZES.

8

SECRETARY

(OVER INTERCOM) Mr. Skinner, Doctor  
Pryor is here to see you. He says it's  
urgent.

SKINNER

(INTO INTERCOM) Send him in.

The district psychiatrist Dr. J. LOREN PRYOR, a large man with longish thinning grey hair and a beard, enters.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, this our district psychiatrist, Dr. J. Loren Pryor.

HOMER

We don't need a psychiatrist, we know our kid is nuts.

DR. PRYOR

On the contrary. I have some very exciting news for all of us. The aptitude test we administered this morning has revealed that young Bart here is what we call a "gifted child".

HOMER

A what?

DR. PRYOR

Your son is a genius, Mr. Simpson.

MARGE

Bart?

HOMER

This lunkhead?

SKINNER

Impossible.



DR. PRYOR

No, we're quite certain. The child is not supposed to know his own I.Q., but you can see it is beyond the range of any doubt.

He writes the number on a piece of paper and gives it to Homer.

HOMER

(AMAZED) Nine hundred and twelve?

DR. PRYOR

Um, no, you have it upside down. It's two hundred and sixteen.

HOMER

(CRESTFALLEN) Oh.

DR. PRYOR

That's still very high.

Dr. Pryor takes a pair of calipers out of his jacket pocket and measures the width and height of Bart's head. He takes out a notebook and writes down the figures.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

Tell me, Bart, are you ever bored in class?

BART

You bet.

DR. PRYOR

Ever feel a little frustrated?

BART

It's like you're reading my mind.

DR. PRYOR

(TO PARENTS) You see, when a child with Bart's intellect is forced to slow down to the pace of a normal person, he's probably going to lash out in ways (PICKS UP BART'S FILES) like these.

SKINNER

(ASIDE TO DR. PRYOR) I think we should re-test him.

DR. PRYOR

No, I think we should move him to another school.

SKINNER

Hmm. Better yet.

DR. PRYOR

Bart, we'd like you to try a kind of school that doesn't rely on grades, and rules, and bells, and buzzers. (WAVES HIS HAND IN A DISMISSING FASHION) A school without walls. Where you do as much or as little of the assignments as you feel you need to. Sound good, Bart?

BART

Sign me up, man.

DR. PRYOR

Excellent. We're all set, then. Show  
up around nine-ish. Mr. and Mrs.  
Simpson, congratulations once again.

SKINNER

I think we're all in a mood to  
celebrate.

The Simpsons get up to leave.

HOMER

Doc, this is all too much. I mean, my  
son a genius -- how does it happen?

DR. PRYOR

Well, genius-level intelligence is  
usually the result of heredity and  
environment...

DR. PRYOR'S P.O.V. - HOMER AND MARGE

Homer is scratching himself.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

...Although in some cases it's a total  
mystery.

INT. PRINCIPAL SKINNER'S WAITING ROOM

9

The Simpsons exit the office with Dr. Pryor. Waiting  
outside are Martin Prince and his parents. There is a  
strong family resemblance.

DR. PRYOR

So long, folks! Take good care of that  
brilliant boy for me!

Martin looks at Bart with an incredulous expression. Bart  
gives him a happy wave. The Simpsons leave.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Prince. Can I have  
a word with you in my office?

They exit into a different office and shut the door.  
Martin picks up a book and starts reading.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

(FROM INSIDE OFFICE) I'm afraid I have  
some bad news, but first let me say  
this: we're confident that with  
remedial classes and special tutoring  
Martin will someday be able to hold  
down some kind of a job and live an  
almost normal life.

Martin drops the book.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

10

The Simpsons are finishing their breakfast. Bart is eating his Frosty Krusty Flakes wearing a white shirt and his best pants. Marge is combing his slicked-down hair, parting it in the middle. Homer is on the phone.

HOMER

Hi, Ted, it's Homer Simpson calling at  
eight thirty Tuesday morning. Just  
thought I'd let you know my son's a  
genius. I'll call you later.

Homer hangs up and checks Ted's name off of a long list.

BART

Oh, come on, Mom.

MARGE

You look very intelligent, dear.

BART

No way.

He musses his hair up so that it takes its normal shape. Marge shines Bart's shoes, Bart resumes eating. Homer approaches.

HOMER

How about a tie, son? Everybody knows geniuses wear ties.

BART

(MOUTH FULL) You're stifling my creativity, Dad.

HOMER

Sorry, boy.

MARGE

Bart, this is a big day for you. Why don't you eat something a little more nutritious.

HOMER

Nonsense, Marge, Frosty Krusty Flakes are what got him where he is today.

He picks up the box and reads the label.

HOMER (CONT'D)

It could be one of these chemicals that makes him so smart. Lisa, maybe you should try some of this.

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

I'm just saying, why not have two geniuses in the family? Sort of a spare in case Bart's brain blows up.

LISA

(QUIETLY, TO BART) I don't care what that stupid test says, Bart. You are a dimwit.

BART

(QUIETLY, TO LISA) Maybe so, but from now on, this dimwit is on Easy Street.

They exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMER'S CAR - MORNING

11

Homer drives while Bart sits in back with his feet up.

BART

No rush, dad. Take the scenic route.

HOMER

Bart, I want you to be the best genius at the school! When they tell you to be creative, I want you to create like all get-out until they tell you to stop being creative and when they tell --

BART

Quiet, please. Genius at work.

CUT TO:

**EXT. NEW SCHOOL**

12

Homer parks the car and walks up to the school with Bart, arm over his shoulder, as the other students are entering the building.

**INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY**

Homer and Bart are walking down the main hallway. Homer stops a very small boy.

HOMER

Hey, half-pint, where's the fourth grade classroom?

SMALL BOY

If you're the new janitor, go start with the bathrooms.

HOMER

Hey, egghead! I'll scramble your brains.

The boy runs off.

BART

13

Come on, Dad.

They find the room labeled with a sign "Learning Center -- Grade IV" in expert calligraphy. Bart looks through a window.

**BART'S P.O.V.**

All the boys have ties on.

BART (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Ties.

HOMER

Don't worry son, you can have mine.

Here, let me show you how to put on a tie.



He takes his tie off. It's a clip-on.

HOMER (CONT'D)

The hook goes over the top and these things go in there.

BART

Thanks Dad.

Without thinking Homer kisses Bart. They stand there a minute looking at each other.

BART

You kissed me.

HOMER

There is nothing wrong with a father kissing his son. Now go on, son, and pay attention, because if you do, one day you may achieve something that we Simpsons have dreamed about for generations. You may outsmart someone.

Homer pats Bart on the back and Bart enters the classroom.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

14

"Ms. Melon" is written on the blackboard. Through the glass section of the door Homer and Bart exchange a final wave, then Bart turns and faces the classroom. The room is large and light, with plenty of space for the dozen or so students, who are still milling about the room, talking in groups. The teacher spots Bart. She is young and pretty with glasses: a good-looking version of Mrs. Krabappel.

MS. MELON

You must be Bart Simpson. I'm

Ms. Melon (PRONOUNCED ME-LAN), your learning coordinator.

She walks him around the room as she talks. The room is full of the students' artwork, all of it impressive. Graceful vases are around the pottery wheel. Large abstract murals and cubist paintings are on the walls. They come to a stop at the bookcase.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Let me say right at the start that we have one rule here: make your own rules. If you feel sleepy, take a nap. If you get bored, feel free to take out a book and start reading.

BART

What should I read?

MS. MELON

Why, anything you want, Bart.

BART'S P.O.V.

Bart searches the bookcase and sees such titles as "Crime and Punishment," "Paradise Lost," "The Aeneid," and "Dante's Inferno." Suddenly his view zooms in on a "Radioactive Man" comic book. He picks it up and starts looking through it, but Ms. Melon snatches it away.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

15

How did this get mixed in here? We used it as a prop in a film about illiteracy we made last week.

She tosses the comic book into a trash can and leads Bart to the cluster of desks. Two boys, SIDNEY and ETHAN, and a girl, CECILE, are sitting on the desks. The girl is watching two cages, each containing a hamster. The boys are looking at a computer on one of the desks.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Bart, these are the students who will share your work area. This is Ethan Foley.

ETHAN

O Memsahib Bart, Rabbi has memo.

MS. MELON

Ethan's very good with palindromes -- you know, sentences spelled the same backwards and forwards -- though he had to spell "Oh" without the "h" for that one. This is Sidney Swift.

SIDNEY

"Oh no, marble splits." My anagram for "Hello Bart Simpson."

MS. MELON

And this is Cecile Shapiro.

Bart notices Cecile's hamsters.

BART

Cool, hamsters! (TAPS ON CAGE) What are their names?

CECILE

(LOOKS PUZZLED) Hamster number one has been infected with a staphylococci virus. Hamster number two is the control hamster.

MS. MELON

This will be your desk, Bart. We'll get you a password on the computer today. It's a thirty-three megahertz CPU, but I'm afraid the thirty-two byte memory boards won't be available until next month.

BART

No problem.

Ms. Melon moves to the front of the classroom.

16

MS. MELON

Discover your desks, people.

The students sit down.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Now, let's all welcome the newest member of our collective experience, Bart Simpson.

The kids AD-LIB "Hello's".

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

And now we can continue our debate from yesterday. When we left off, Calvin and Tanya were arguing that free will is an illusion.

CALVIN

The deal is, our decisions are based on experience, which is shaped mainly by a family we didn't choose and a culture we didn't shape.

Bart follows the discussion nervously. Looking around, he sees the students coolly considering the arguments, nodding or shaking their heads. Bart notices a girl across the room looking at him and drawing.

TANYA

Yeah, I mean, any outside party with complete knowledge of a person's experience could predict nearly every decision that person would make.

Just as we could predict the direction a ball will take if we strike it in a certain manner.

SIDNEY

Wait a second. Your comparison to balls is completely invalid since the electrons in our brain move according to a different set of physical laws.

The girl holds the drawing up for Bart to see. It is a charcoal sketch of Bart as a thickly-muscled Greek god, standing in a toga on top of a mountain with a lightning bolt in his hand. The spiky hair and general shape of the head make it recognizable as Bart, but the heroic features make it look more like Dolph Lundgren.

IAN

(WAVES HAND) Mrs. Melon...! Ms.

Melon...!

MS. MELON

Yes, Ian.

IAN

I would agree that humankind has freedom, but a freedom fraught with paradoxes. Freud showed how our childhood shapes our subconscious mind, but this in turn helped us to think for ourselves.

MS. MELON

Very good, Ian. Well, it seems the smartest child in the class is also the quietest. Bart, what other paradoxes affect our lives?

Bart is jolted to hear his name.

BART

Well... you're damned if you do, and damned if you don't.

The teacher and class pause a second for elaboration. When it is clear that this is not coming, Ms. Melon speaks.

MS. MELON

Yes, I guess that would be a paradox too. Anyone else?

CECILE (V.O.)

Without law and order, man has no freedom...

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Whew!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

17

Ms. Melon is writing an extremely complex series of equations on the blackboard. There is a curve drawn on an x and y axis on an adjacent board. The final equation on the board is  $y=r^3/3$ .

MS. MELON

So Y equals R cubed over three, and if you determine the rate of change in this curve correctly, I think you will be pleasantly surprised.

After a second, all the students start LAUGHING except Bart, who returns a blank stare. Ms. Melon writes on the board as she explains it to Bart.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Don't you get it, Bart? Derivative D-Y equals three R squared D R over three, or R squared D R, or R D R R. Hardy-har-har! Get it?

BART

Oh, yeah. Now I see. (A WEAK CHUCKLE)

As the clock, with a face showing all 24 hours, clicks to 12 noon, the P.A. system begins to PLAY a strange vocal piece such as the first movement of the Bach B Minor Mass.

MS. MELON (CONT'D)

Lunchtime, children. Try to be back by one thirty.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - CAFETERIA

18

The gifted students eat in a small dining hall. At one table a group of students are eating sushi with chopsticks; one of them has a "Brideshead Revisited" lunch box. At another table Calvin takes a thermos bottle out of his "Anatoly Karpov" lunch box and opens it. Bart is sitting with Cecile, Sidney, Ethan, Ian and Calvin. He takes a big hero sandwich out of his Krusty the Klown lunchbox.

CALVIN

Tell you what, Bart! I'll trade you  
the weight of a bowling ball on the  
eighth moon of Jupiter from my lunch  
for the weight of a feather on the  
second moon of Neptune from your lunch.

BART

Well, okay.

Calvin takes Bart's sandwich and gives him back a grain of rice.

CALVIN

There you go.

The others LAUGH.

SIDNEY

I will trade you one thousand  
picoliters of my milk for four gills of  
yours.

BART

Well, all right.

Nelson takes Bart's milk carton and pours a couple of drops into Bart's plastic cup.

SIDNEY

Anything you say!



All but Bart **LAUGH**.

CECILE

I will bet my orange against your  
banana you can't tell me who's buried  
in Grant's tomb.

BART

That's easy. Grant.

CECILE

And Mrs. Grant!

She grabs the banana to more **LAUGHTER**.

IAN

Bart, will you wager your cupcake  
against...

BART

Save your breath.

Bart hands him the cupcake and wanders off dejectedly.

ETHAN (V.O.)

What do you think of the new one?

IAN (V.O.)

A rather mediocre genius.

CALVIN (V.O.)

Yes, not very bright at all.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

19

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM

Homer enters. Bart is on his bed reading a "Radioactive Man" comic book and sipping a can of soda through a straw.

HOMER

So how was it?

BART

Okay.

HOMER

What are you reading? (LOOKS) Comic books? Guess you don't want to overheat the old noggin, eh? (PATS BART'S HEAD)

BART

I guess not.

HOMER

Tell you what: To celebrate your first  
day of genius school, what say we go  
out for a round of mini-golf, pizza  
with the works, and some frosty  
chocolate milkshakes?

BART

All right!

Marge and Lisa appear in the doorway.

MARGE

Bart, I feel so bad for going so many  
years without... what's that word where  
you encourage something to grow?

Homer and Bart shrug, AD LIB "NN-NN-NN."

LISA

Nurturing.

MARGE

Nurturing your brilliant brain, so I  
got tickets to the opera tonight.  
Hurry up and get dressed! It starts at  
eight.

BART

Oh, Mom! Not tonight.

HOMER

Come on, Bart, your mother's only  
trying to help. So go ahead and enjoy  
the show.

MARGE

Homer, you're going too.

HOMER

I'm not a genius. Why should I suffer?

**INT. OPERA HOUSE**

20

The scene opens on the opera in progress on the stage. We see the PERFORMERS SINGING. We then see Homer, Marge, Bart and Lisa sitting in a box.

BART

Hey, Lis, keep an eye out for the guy  
with the peanuts.

MARGE

There's no guy with peanuts, dear.

HOMER

Jeez. No beer... no opera dogs...

MARGE

Shhh! It's starting.

The orchestra PLAYS "The March of the Toreadors". Bart SINGS along.

BART

(SINGS LOW) "Toreador, oh don't spit  
on the floor. Please use the cuspidor,  
that's what it's for."

Homer and Bart both GIGGLE.

MARGE

Bart, stop fooling around. Homer, stop  
encouraging him.

HOMER

Don't stifle the boy, Marge. We're  
supposed to encourage him.

MARGE

Shhhh.

They listen for a few more seconds. Homer starts to fake  
SNORING, and Bart joins in. Both start GIGGLING again.

HOMER

Who's the lard butt?

LISA

He's the bullfighter.

BART

No way a bull is gonna miss a target  
that big, man.

Both CHUCKLE, stop, then look at each other and start  
LAUGHING again. Lisa starts GIGGLING. Marge buries her  
face in her hands.

21

SOME CLOSE-UP SEATS

We see Martin and his parents watching the opera. They  
turn around and look behind them.

MR. PRINCE

Who are those people?

STAGE

We see a fat woman SINGING a solo.

22

SIMPSONS' BOX

Everybody but Marge is still having a great time.

HOMER

P.U. When is this thing over?

BART

It ain't over till the fat lady sings.

HOMER

Is that one fat enough for you, son?

BART

(LAUGHS) She's a wide load all right.

HOMER

(LAUGHS) Let's go get a burger.

The Simpsons get up and start walking out as the opera continues.

INT. NEW CLASSROOM - THAT MORNING

23

In one corner of the classroom, a couple of students are busy painting a very professional-looking poster reading, "Ms. Melon's Grade IV is pleased to announce a production of Moliere's 'Le Misanthrope'". It gives show times and lists ticket prices at \$10 and \$12.

ACROSS ROOM

On the other side of the classroom, rehearsal is in session. The children are in half-costume, mostly long curly wigs and moustaches. They are watching Sidney, Ian and Bart rehearse a scene.

SIDNEY

Mais, Philis, le triste avantage

Lorsque rien ne marche apres lui!

BART

(IN A MONOTONE) Jer swee dayjah

charmey der cer peteet morsoe morsoe.

The students smirk at Bart and shake their heads, AD LIBBING, "Alors!", "Il est terrible!", "Bart est un fou!", etc.

MS. MELON

Attendez, attendez! (SIGHS) Calvin,  
prenez le role de Philinte. Soyez  
tranquille, Bart. I guess Moliere just  
isn't your forte.

Calvin walks up and takes Bart's wig.

CALVIN

Excusez moi.

Bart looks ashamed.

EXT. OLD SCHOOL - DAY

24

Bart, walking home, comes up on the old schoolyard. He looks at the corner where he painted the picture of the principal and sees that the graffiti is now enclosed in a glass case with a title card reading "'Principal', by Bartholomew Simpson." Bart is delighted to see his old gang playing marbles.

BART

Hey, guys!

MILHOUSE

Get lost, Poindexter!

RICHARD

Yeah, beat it, Professor!

LEWIS

Why don't you go build a rocket ship,  
Brainiac?

Bart SIGHS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

25

The Simpsons sit in their living room.

HOMER

We're really proud of you, son.

BART

"Wet lollipop parades." That's an  
anagram for what you just said, Dad.

HOMER

That's remarkable! What's an anagram?

LISA

He's lying, Mom!

MARGE

Why don't you go do your homework,  
Lisa?

LISA

How come Bart never has any homework?

BART

Geniuses don't have to do homework. We  
can learn more in a few hours than  
normal kids can in a week.

MARGE

Oh, Homer, tell Bart about the foreign  
film festival.

Marge and Lisa exit.

BART

Is this gonna be like the opera?



HOMER

Afraid so, Bart. Your mother bought us tickets to a snooty movie directed by some Swedish meatball.

BART

Aw, Dad, I get enough of that stuff at school. Can't we do something else?

MARGE'S P.O.V. - OUT THE WINDOW

26

Although it's getting a little dark, Homer and Bart are in the back yard playing catch under the porch light. Homer is making a stiff attempt at a pitcher's windup; he doesn't bend much at the waist and his front leg is straight when he raises it. Bart is squatting in a catcher's stance. The top of a garbage can is being used as home plate.

EXT. SIMPSON'S BACK YARD

A pitch comes in to Bart, still in the catcher's stance.

BART

Strike two! Two and two!

He tosses the ball back to Homer and rests on his knees.

HOMER

Can you still see the ball, Bart?

BART

Don't worry, Homer. You're not that fast.

HOMER

Oh, you don't think so, eh? Well, here comes the real heat.

He gets back up in the catcher's stance.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - WIDE SHOT**

The darkening backyard is shown from a greater distance. In the light from the porch Bart and Homer are mostly silhouetted. Homer throws the pitch.

BART

Yeah! Strike three!

They continue to play.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. NEW CLASSROOM - LATER THAT MORNING**

27

Science class is in session. The students are all working in groups except Bart, who is alone at a table. Most of the students have test tubes over bunsen burners. Another group is dissecting a frog.

Ms. Melon, carrying a clipboard, goes up to Ian, Cecile, and two other boys. They have a few test tubes out but are mostly working on paper. The tubes contain liquids of pure red and blue shades.

IAN

We're designing a structure to grow mercury iodide crystals in a zero-gravity environment more efficiently.

CECILE

If everything goes according to plan, NASA will include it on a future shuttle flight.

MS. MELON

Nice. Keep working.

She moves on to Bart, who has by far the most humongous and confused set of test tubes, burners, rubber tubing and drip valves emptying into pyrex measuring cups. All of the liquid in the various tubes and cups is a uniform bright green. Bart is wearing safety goggles.

MS. MELON

I'm still working on getting you a lab partner, Bart. If there are no volunteers soon, I'll assign somebody. Say, what is that? It looks dangerous.

BART

Well, it's really pretty top secret, Ma'am.

MS. MELON

All right, keep going. But you do know what happens when you mix acids and bases, right?

BART

Sure, sure.

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING

A beautiful sunny day. Birds are CHIRPING. A butterfly floats across the screen. Suddenly a flash lights up several of the windows in the school building and a loud EXPLOSION is heard from the room. Some smoke billows out from the open portions of these windows and green slime coats the rest. After a second or two, the school's fire bell starts to RING and children begin to file out of the building.

INT. CLASSROOM

Bart is standing at his table surrounded by Ms. Melon and the students. The room and everything and everyone in it are covered with the green stuff, every square inch. Bart is both green and singed.

BART

So that's what happens when you mix acids and bases.

INT. OLD SCHOOL - DR. PRYOR'S OFFICE

29

Bart, still green and tattered, is sitting in a chair in front of the desk. The safety goggles are off, leaving a flesh-colored section around his eyes. Dr. Pryor is behind the desk. On the wall is a large photo of Albert Einstein. Next to it is a large photo of Bart.

DR. PRYOR

Bart, we want to emphasize, that nobody is angry about this. We're just concerned. When a young man with a two hundred sixteen I.Q. can't make a simple experiment work, well, it doesn't take a Bart Simpson to figure out that something is wrong. Tell me, is the class moving too slowly for you?

BART

Hell, no.

DR. PRYOR

Well then what can we do to make you happy?

BART

I want to go back to my old class.

DR. PRYOR

No, Bart, that's not the answer.

BART

You don't understand... I want to go undercover and study regular kids and... how they do things with each other.

DR. PRYOR

This is most impressive, Bart. You write up your proposal while I talk to Principal Skinner.

BART

A proposal?

DR. PRYOR

You know, outline your project, what you hope to achieve, what you'll require to do it.

BART

Gotcha, man.

Dr. Pryor exits. Bart takes paper and pencil from the top of his desk. He thinks for a second and then begins to write.

30

BART (CONT'D; V.O.)

"My Proposal" by Bart Simpson. I want to pretend I am a regular dumb kid. For this I will require...

He stops and thinks, scratches his head, chews his pencil, then violently erases everything he has written, smearing the paper and tearing a few holes in it. He continues on the same sheet.

BART

"My Confession" by Bart Simpson. I cheated on my intellig... intelli... I.Q. test...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLD SCHOOL - DR. PRYOR'S OFFICE

Dr. Pryor returns. Bart is finished writing.

DR. PRYOR

Finished already? Principal Skinner  
will be very interested to...

Dr. Pryor takes the paper from Bart and reads it.

DR. PRYOR (CONT'D)

You know, you misspelled "confession".

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - LIVING ROOM

31

Homer is sitting down reading the paper. Lisa, Marge, and  
Maggie are watching TV. SFX: FRONT DOOR SLAMS. Bart  
enters, still green and tattered.

MARGE

Bart, what happened?

BART

I had a little accident in chemistry  
today.

HOMER

Well, I bet it's nothing a little  
turpentine won't take off. Come on,  
son.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON BACK PORCH

32

Homer is sponging Bart down with paint thinner, then hosing  
him off. Bart has stripped to his shorts.

HOMER

Don't be discouraged, son. I bet  
Einstein turned himself all sorts of  
colors before he invented relativity.

BART

Dad... I gotta tell you something...

I hope you won't be too mad...

HOMER

(CONCERNED) What is it, son?

BART

I'm not a genius, Dad.

HOMER

What?

BART

I cheated on the intelligence test.

I'm sorry. But I just want to say that  
the past few weeks have been great. Me  
and you have done stuff together,  
you've helped me out with things, we're  
closer than we've ever been, and I  
think if something can bring us that  
close, it can't possibly be bad.

**BART'S P.O.V. - HOMER**

Homer's face clouds over more and more.

HOMER

Why, you little -- !

He starts after Bart.

BART

Whoa, no!

Bart takes off, running into the house.

CUT TO:

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Lisa and Maggie are still watching TV. Maggie is still **SUCKING**. Bart streaks across the screen in his underwear, leaving a trail of the green stuff.

**BART**

Yaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Bart's feet are heard **POUNDING** up the stairs. Homer streaks across the screen. A door **SLAMS** upstairs. Homer **POUNDS** his way up the stairs.

33

**MARGE (V.O.)**

What's going on out there?

**LISA**

I think Bart's stupid again, Mom.

**MARGE (V.O.)**

Oh, well. Easy come, easy go.

Marge enters with paper in her hand. Homer is heard **BANGING** on Bart's door.

34

**HOMER (V.O.)**

You can't stay in there forever!

**BART (V.O.)**

I can try.

**HOMER (V.O.)**

March your butt out here right now!

**BART (V.O.)**

I'm not that dumb!

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE**

The **BANGING** continues.

**HOMER (V.O.)**

Out, boy, out!



BART (V.O.)

No, boy, no!

FADE OUT:

THE END